

Don't Stop Me Now by FrazzledSquidz

Series: [We'll Keep Together and Make it Better \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blow Jobs, Cunnilingus, Dirty Talk, Enthusiastic Consent, F/F, F/M, Hand Jobs, I AM A BEACON OF SIN, I Ain't Sorry, Loss of Virginity, M/M, Masturbation, Mild Kink, Multiple Orgasms, Nipple Play, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Polyamory, Threesome, Threesome - F/M/M, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-09-17

Updated: 2016-09-17

Packaged: 2022-04-01 20:35:30

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,449

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“At least Bon Jovi is better than the Talking Heads,” Steve declared, triumphant as Jonathan’s mouth dropped open in shock.

“You guys should kiss,” Nancy interrupted, laughing when their heads whipped around to look at her in surprise. “What? We all know that’s where this is headed anyway.”

Don't Stop Me Now

Author's Note:

Technically this takes place after chapter two of Fall Into You, but it's literally PWP so you'll be fine if you don't read that.

Title taken from the Queen song.

Enjoy! :)

“You’re wrong,” Jonathan stated vehemently, sitting by the record player and carefully lifting an offending record off the spool. “Queen is the best band. Period. Though I will take arguments for the Smiths and Depeche Mode.”

“What the fuck!” Steve yelled in delight, throwing his hands in the air, looking around for something else to hand Jonathan. “It’s all about Journey, man, I’m telling you. Besides, the Smiths and Depeche Mode basically sound the exact same. It’s just dudes moaning into the microphone. Oh, no, you know who is awesome? Bon Jovi.”

“If you’re being serious right now, this friendship is over. *Bon Jovi?!?*”

Nancy, who was lying on the carpet on her back, watched them with a lazy grin. They both looked so happy, though by that time the sexual tension was so thick she could practically taste it. They had been listening to Steve’s dad’s records, switching randomly and arguing all the while, for over an hour now. It was like the longer they were in a room together they simultaneously became more relaxed and more charged. It was like watching a storm roll in across the plains; Nancy could swear she could feel a little electricity tickling the hair on her arms. Languidly, she stretched them above her head, a sense of mischievous recklessness coming over her.

“At least Bon Jovi is better than the Talking Heads,” Steve declared, triumphant as Jonathan’s mouth dropped open in shock.

“You guys should kiss,” Nancy interrupted, laughing when their

heads whipped around to look at her in surprise. "What? We all know that's where this is headed anyway." Her own boldness shocked her, especially considering they had formed this relationships just a few hours ago. But they were so lovely, her beautiful boys, and she was starting to feel restless. Also she had promised herself to be more outspoken and to go for whatever she wanted after... everything.

Jonathan swallowed and shot Steve a nervous look, but Steve was obviously onboard as he returned Jonathan's look with a predatory smirk. "What do you say, Byers?" he asked, crawling closer to him on the floor. "Shall we give the lady a show?"

Jonathan swallowed again, licked his lips, and nodded shakily, as if scared of his own desires and their possibilities. He was sitting cross-legged, hands nervously twisting the into his jeans at his shins.

Steve moved right into Jonathan's personal space, hands braced on the floor on either side of his hips for balance. He breathed something quiet that Nancy didn't catch against his lips, then leaned in and gave him a quick peck. "Good?" he asked Nancy, grinning cheekily.

She rolled her eyes and opened her mouth to respond, but Jonathan surprised them both by grabbing the back of Steve's head and pulling their mouths together again. Steve made a muffled noise, but quickly deepened the kiss. Nancy absently rubbed her hips and bit her lower lip as she watched them make out, a delicious fire starting low in her belly.

After a few minutes they parted, panting. "Okay?" Steve asked, looking a little desperate.

Jonathan nodded frantically. "More?"

"Here." Steve placed a wide palm on Jonathan's back and leaned forward. "Lay down."

Jonathan did and Steve followed him down, a knee between his thighs and his elbows on either side of Jonathan's head, Steve's hands buried in his hair, as their lips met again.

Nancy shifted, biting her lip harder as she brought one of her own hands up to comb through her hair. They were so lovely to watch, especially as Jonathan relaxed more and reached under Steve's shirt, stroking his sides and stomach. They were both moaning quietly, breathlessly as their mouths met again and again, making wet noises against each other.

Nancy could see Steve's hands tightening in Jonathan's hair and tightened her own in response. She had never masturbated before, but thought that she might try then. She was both getting impatient and never wanted them to stop, her lust making her heady and bold.

"Steve," she called out softly. "Pet his chest, babe."

He broke the kiss to look over, Jonathan mindlessly reaching up as he drew away, and grinned at the sight of her. As someone who was usually responsible for putting her in such a state, Steve probably knew exactly what she wanted right then.

He ducked his head and started biting at Jonathan's chin and neck as his hands deftly untangled from Jonathan's hair and slid under his shirt. As Steve reached his nipples and Jonathan emitted a startled moan, Nancy sighed and brought her own hands up to rub and pinch her nipples over her thin shirt. She couldn't exactly see what Steve was doing with Jonathan's shirt covering his hands, but she could bet he was pinching and gently twisting, the way Jonathan was writhing and moaning.

"Bite them," she commanded quietly, gasping in empathy as Steve rucked Jonathan's shirt up to his armpits and sank his teeth onto his left nipple.

Jonathan yelped but arched his back deliciously, tossing his head to look over at Nancy desperately. They were just about eye-to-eye on the floor. She grinned lasciviously and pulled her own shirt up, also yanking her bra over her breasts to constrict around her chest. She saw his eyes drop and darken as she pinched and pulled at her nipples, gasping as she did so.

Steve was biting his way down Jonathan's chest at this point, and the boy looked overwhelmed in the best way. He groaned loudly and

pushed his hands through his own hair, hips twitching wildly the closer Steve got to his waistband.

“Stop,” Nancy said, sitting up. Steve did and both boys looked over at her, their hair and eyes wild. “Steve, I want you to jerk Jonathan off,” she told him matter-of-factly while reaching behind her to unclasp her bra. “And I’m going to watch. And then I want you to come eat me out afterwards, okay?” Both boys nodded, looking hot and desperate. She loved it. “If anyone is uncomfortable at any point in time, say something and everything stops, got it? We’re here to have fun. Jonathan.” She directed her gaze at him. “Have you ever done this before?”

He blushed darkly. “Not-not with anyone else.”

“And you’ll promise you’ll let us know if you want something to stop or change?”

Jonathan licked his lips and nodded. “Yeah. Promise.”

Nancy looked over at Steve, as she took off her shirt and shrugged out of her bra, raising a challenging eyebrow. “Well?”

Grinning in delight, Steve crashed his mouth back onto Jonathan’s, his hands gripping either side of his ribs. She smiled and lay back down, squeezing her thighs together and cushioning her head with her right arm.

As Steve rasped his palms along Jonathan’s torso, she started rubbing her stomach, hip bones, inner thighs. How own touch delighted her- how had she never done this before? *Lack of imagination*, she admonished herself as Steve brought a hot palm over the bulge in Jonathan’s jeans.

The other boy cried out, breaking their kiss and pushing his hands back into his hair, like he had to have something to hold onto, something to ground him.

“Okay?” She heard Steve ask quietly.

“God please- please don’t stop,” Jonathan panted, pushing his hips up into Steve’s hand.

Steve grinned wildly in response and starting grinding his hand into Jonathan's crotch more earnestly, leaning over to bite Jonathan's neck and chest, his shirt still tucked up around his armpits.

Nancy slid a hand beneath the waistband of her soft skirt and gasped at how wet and hot she felt, even through her underwear. Sure she had done some exploring after having sex with Steve that first time, but nothing like this.

Jonathan was gasping and moaning, his hands gripping his hair and his elbows pulled up to block his face, like to look at Steve would be too much for him. Steve unbuttoned his pants and drew Jonathan's naked cock out as he sank his teeth into the side of Jonathan's neck, causing him to yell out loudly and Nancy to slip her hand into her underwear desperately.

Her free hand rubbed roughly across her chest and stomach and she bit her own lip as she moved her hand up and- Nancy shrieked and threw her head back as she curved her fingers right into her clit, her thighs clamping around her hand as if to stop the pleasure thundering through her system.

She looked over at the boys, who were staring at her with looks of wonder. "Don't stop," she panted, using the pads of her middle two fingertips to rub harder against her clit, causing her to moan loudly and squirm.

"Look how hot we made her," she heard Steve tell Jonathan quietly, running his tongue up his neck and starting to pump his spit-slicked hand again. Jonathan panted wildly, staring wide-eyed at Nancy with his hands still in his hair, elbows dropped to the ground. "I can't wait to show you how I treat her. How I lick her cunt."

Steve paused to roughly bite Jonathan's nipple again, causing the other boy to cry out. Nancy frantically worked her fingers over her clit, feeling like lightning was tickling down her spine and around her hips.

"How I fuck her," Steve continued breathlessly. "The way she gasps and moans and tosses her hair." Jonathan cried out and crossed his arms over his eyes, hips bucking wildly. "She tastes so good," Steve confided, grinning over at Nancy, who felt her blush reach her chest

as she got closer and closer to orgasm. “And she looks so damn beautiful. Actually, you kind of remind me of her right now.”

Jonathan brought his arms up over his head, frowning blearily at Steve in confusion.

“You’re so pretty. And so reactive.” Steve brought his other hand up. “And considering how you can’t leave your hair alone, I imagine you’ll love *this*.” He yanked Jonathan’s head back roughly and twisted the hand around his dick at the same time. Jonathan stuttered out a loud cry and arched his back impossibly as he came in long spurts across Steve’s hand and his own chest.

Nancy also cried out and clamped her thighs shut as she felt pleasure pulse through her like an electric shock, shaking every muscle in her body. They both fell back, panting and shaking as Steve looked them over smugly.

He bent over and gave Jonathan a sweet, lingering kiss before crawling over him and heading towards Nancy. “Enjoy the show, babe?”

“You two are beautiful together,” she told him honestly, delighting as a faint blush touched his cheeks.

He grabbed her hand and brought it to his mouth, licking the drying wetness on her middle two fingers. “You ready?”

Breath hitching, Nancy nodded, her arousal spiking so sharply it left her momentarily dizzy.

Grinning, Steve lowered his face to her torso, kissing and nipping at her breasts, ribs, and quivering stomach as he pulled her long skirt up to bunch around her waist. She couldn’t help the whimper that escaped her as Steve grabbed her underwear and slowly pulled them down her legs, biting at her hip through her skirt as he did so. She was throbbing and hot, positive that she was leaking everywhere.

Steve started brushing teasing, feather-like kisses against her inner thighs, making her squirm. “Steve,” she whined. And then his hot lips and tongue were against her clit, oversensitized from her recent

orgasm, causing her to throw her head back and yelp at the painful pleasure.

As he started to eat her out enthusiastically, Nancy grabbed his hair and ground her hips against his face, moaning and squirming and feeling like she was going to explode. She tossed her head to the side and met Jonathan's eyes, which were wide and dark with desire.

Whimpering, Nancy untangled a hand from Steve's hair and reached out to Jonathan, who quickly crawled closer to take it. She pulled him down for a filthy kiss that she had to break all too soon because of her inability to breath through her pleasure.

Her gasping cries grew louder as she got closer, then Jonathan bit the spot just under her right earlobe and she came with a loud shriek, thighs clamping around Steve's head as they trembled and quaked. Moaning and truly oversensitized now, she pushed Steve's head away and turned on her side, pulling her knees up as her body shook with pleasurable aftershock.

"Wow," she heard Jonathan breathe behind her, then the sound of him and Steve kissing messily, sharing the taste of her. The thought made her gasp in pleasure and she tipped her head back to watch them, biting her lip at the mess across Steve's mouth and chin. The boys parted and Jonathan licked his lips, looking startled and aroused.

Steve wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and grinned down at Nancy. "Done yet?"

Returning his grin, she shook her head. "You wish, Harrington."

"Wh-what?" Jonathan looked astonished.

Steve grabbed Nancy's thigh and pushed her onto her back again. "Come here, Byers. This is the best part about women; they can come over and over and over."

Nancy sighed happily and spread her thighs, pulling her skirt well out of the way. They made quite the sight: Steve still fully clothed but with a sizeable bulge in his pants, Jonathan down to his jeans that

were zipped but not buttoned, and Nancy in nothing but a long purple skirt. The entire scene felt *delicious*.

“See how wet she is?” Steve murmured in Jonathan’s ear as they sat between her legs, staring at her. Nancy’s breathing picked up in arousal and anticipation. “Go ahead and touch her. Finger her.”

Jonathan glanced up quickly at Nancy, who nodded eagerly, before reaching in and pressing two tentative fingers to her.

“Watch,” Steve whispered, plastering himself to the other’s back and laying his hand on top of Jonathan’s.

Nancy moaned as she felt Steve start to move Jonathan’s hand against her in a teasing rub, then press the first part of his fingers inside her. She spread her thighs wider and rubbed at her sides as Steve encouraged Jonathan.

“Good job, beautiful boy. Get her nice and ready for me, okay?” He stood up and walked away, a little oddly, probably to get the lube and a condom from his room.

Breath hitching, Jonathan carefully watching Nancy’s face as he slowly slid his first two fingers deeper into her, but she was so wet he wasn’t met with any resistance.

“More,” she panted and moaned. “Jonathan, please.”

Biting his lip, he started thrusting his fingers in and out of her, slowly gaining confidence at her obvious pleasure. He was so different from Steve’s brash confidence, the cocky way he knew he was doing everything right. His tentative inexperience and sweetness made Nancy feel predatory, like she wanted to pin him down and wring as much pleasure as she could from his body. As he pressed a third finger in, Steve returned, as naked as the day he was born, clutching the needed supplies.

“Good boy. Look how excited she is.”

Jonathan glanced over, startling at the sight of Steve’s dick so close to his face, before meeting the other boy’s eyes hungrily.

“Wanna get me ready too?” Steve asked quietly, flapping the condom in a teasing manner.

Jonathan nodded eagerly, fingers slipping from inside Nancy (much to her disappointment) as he rose higher on his knees. “Can I...” but without finishing his question, he gently grabbed Steve’s hips and pressed his lips to his cock, making Steve gasp and buck his hips. He hummed in contentment as Jonathan started mouthing and licking up the shaft, smearing the flat of his tongue against the tip and lapping up the pre-cum there. Nancy sighed and arched her back at the sight.

After about a minute of this Steve groaned and pushed Jonathan’s head away. “Fuck, Byers, you’re gonna make me come early.” Jonathan looked momentarily ashamed before Steve gently cupped his cheek. “You’re a natural. But we gotta take care of Nancy, okay? I have a plan.”

Jonathan visibly relaxed, nodding and swallowing as he sat back on his haunches.

Steve shook the condom to make sure the rubber was away from where he tore it open. “Okay Nance, sit up and lean against Jonathan. Byers, you’re gonna be in charge of her nipples, got it?”

Nancy laughed breathlessly as she scrambled up and practically fell back against Jonathan’s chest. “This is so fun. We should’ve been doing this for months.”

“You’re insatiable,” Steve informed her cheerfully, rolling the condom on carefully and smearing some lube across the latex. He kneeled in between her legs and pulled her onto his lap so she was slouched against Jonathan and the boys’ knees were just touching. “Ready?” Steve asked, looking up at the other two.

Nancy eagerly nodded and felt Jonathan mimic the gesture behind her. Using one hand to line himself up, Steve pushed inside Nancy slowly and smoothly, until he was buried to the hilt. Nancy moaned and reached up to grab at Jonathan’s shoulders as Steve panted and bracketed her hips with his large hands.

“Okay?” he asked, sounding like the air had been punched out of his

chest.

“Yes!” Nancy cried out enthusiastically. “Move already, Harrington!”

A short laugh escaped Steve. “You got it, babe. His first thrust was slow, letting Nancy get used to the feeling. As she squirmed and dug her nails into Jonathan’s shoulders, Steve picked up the pace until he was pounding into her rhythmically, the force of his thrusts shaking Jonathan behind Nancy.

“Oh! God yes!” she cried out breathlessly, moaning like she was dying. Seeming to remember his task, Jonathan smoothed his palms over Nancy’s nipples, pinching them gently. As Nancy cried out and squirmed even more, he started to pinch harder and twist a little.

“Ohh yes, yes, yes,” she chanted, eyes shut tight and mouth hanging open as she left deep marks in Jonathan’s shoulders. Steve panted as he worked, shaking sweaty hair out of his face impatiently.

The boys continued to worship her until she could feel Steve’s hips stuttering wildly, losing their rhythm. “Do- do it, babe,” she encouraged, feeling Jonathan’s large hands cup her ribs. Steve took his right hand from her hip and brought his finger up to rub against her clit, with the hint of his fingernail. Nancy shrieked, pushing back against Jonathan and came so hard her vision went soft around the edges. As she clamped down on Steve, he cried out and pushed deep inside her, shaking as he came in thick, hot spurts within the condom.

Panting like they’d just run a marathon, Steve gently pulled out and fell back on the floor while Nancy slumped bonelessly against Jonathan’s chest. He stroked her hair from her sweaty face as she slowly caught her breath and the last of the aftershocks faded.

“Okay,” she declared, suddenly sitting up, turning around, and shoving Jonathan onto his back. He grunted in surprise and rose up on his elbows to look at her in confusion. Nancy smiled sweetly as she yanked the zipper of his jeans now, though it was difficult as he was hard again. “Let me show you how Steve likes this done.” Pulling her long hair over one shoulder, she sank her mouth smoothly on Jonathan’s cock, making him cry out and fall back.

She liked the way Jonathan made her feel; powerful and experienced where she was just brazen and filled with a new drive to go out and get exactly what she wanted. Steve, having apparently recovered and gotten rid of the condom, lay down beside Jonathan to nuzzle his neck and stroke his chest and stomach.

“N-Nancy,” Jonathan warned in a panicked voice.

She pulled off and replaced her mouth with her hand, fluidly jerking him to completion as he unleashed a groan from deep in his chest. Nancy moved up to lay on his other side, wiping her hand boldly on the carpet.

After a few minutes of breath-catching, Jonathan asked, sounding star-struck, “Is it always like this?”

“It is now,” Steve laughed, sounding terribly smug.

Nancy rolled on her side and propped her head up with her hand, looking down at the other two. “Is that all right with you?”

Jonathan blinked widely, but nodded. “Absolutely.”

“Good!” she grinned and pressed a kiss to his cheek, laying her head on his shoulder and snuggling up to him. She was beyond ready for a nap.

And then maybe round two.